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THE DYING YEAR.

BY REV. MARK TRAFLET.

You're dying, old year, they say, alack!
A ponderous load is on your old back
Of errors, and faults, and sins, to carry
On your last rough road; but a moment
tarry!

Let us take it off, so lightly you'll trip,
And may be 'twill save you a fatal slip.
"O no," said the sage, "'tis the record of
time,
Your pencils have sketched it and drawn
every line;
On the canvas is noted the seed you have
sown."

The canvas unrolled as the old fellow sped,
And the gazers blanched pale as the record
was read.
The patriot's zeal showed a hollow pre-
sence;
The bawling reformer astride of the fence;
The gambler's gleamers sheared the lamb's
by their cunning;

The faithless defectors to Canada running;
The city's sworn guardians plotting and
stealing;
The votaries of fashion want of good sense
revealing;
Greed of gain the one law to the high and
the low;

Thus all things so mixed in time's course as
we go.
No wonder, Old Year, that so great is your
load,
So weary you're grown on your hard travel-
ing road.
Ingratitude, doubtless, has broken your
heart;

Not a tear in your eye from such change-
lings to part.
Like all heartless coquettes, e'en now billing
and cooing
With that young miss who's coming, her
favor now wooing;

While you, poor old fellow, on your last pil-
low lying
Your sad, weary eyes turned on false friends
now flying,
Not a hand will be there your glazed eyes
to close,
Not a tear be dropped on your bed of re-
pose.

Here's a sigh for your loss, and a honor of re-
gret,
That so little is done for your honor since
met;
And scorn for the fools who old friends cast
aside,
And trust in the novice who ne'er has been
tried.
Justice slowly may pace, but forgets not her
bait;
You may fling back with scorn: "Time
never defrauds!"

THE SHIFTING REMNANT IN THEOLOGY.

BY REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN, D. D.

The discussion in the Boston Preachers' Meeting on the "New Theology," and Dr. Baldwin's balancing between the new theology and Calvinism, suggest reflections on the shifting remnant in theology, and the things which "are shaken" and the things which "cannot be shaken." In the history of revealed religion it is not difficult to trace a nucleus of truth which has been permanent through all ages and dispensations, and also to note the mutations of the fringes, or shifting remnant, that forms the corona of the solid body of truth. The history of Christianity exhibits the same law of permanence at the centre, as of an island in the changing sea amid the flux and reflux of the tides.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be."
That nucleus is the essential thing. It is the part which "cannot be shaken," and is rooted in the essential nature of man and God. This is that which was common to Hebrew prophet, Catholic saint, Calvinistic Puritan, and ecstatic Methodist. It is the quality rather than the quantity of faith that is important. Ad-
verbs are more significant than nouns. The nucleus may be a short creed, but hold it honestly, in loyalty and love of the truth, and it will build up heroes and saints, churches and empires. "Hitch your wagon to a star." Attach man to God, the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternally, and he moves upon an upward grade. How brief was the creed of Hebrew Psalmist and prophet! There was no open vision down the eternal years. Personal immortality was a suppressed hope. The Messiah was a dim distortion of that adorable Redeemer "whom not having seen we love." But though brief

the creed, what a literature of the soul it produced in the Psalms and Prophecies, revealing
"A heart within, blood-throated, of a veined humanity,"
and forever pointing to the Most High as the only Physician of the soul.

We fail to find words to express our horror of Calvinistic error, or our contempt for the Popish sacramentalism of the system which inherits Luther's name; but where will you find, outside of the first century, such an uplift for humanity as that which connects itself with Calvin and Luther and Knox? Great States were created as if by magic. Heroes and saints sprang up in every land. Philosophers and poets uttered words that not only "filled the spacious times of great Elizabeth," but will echo along many centuries. All the great churches of Protestantism, with the single exception of Methodism, had their birth in that epoch. The Bible was read in every man's "own tongue wherein he was born."

And yet the dark cloud of Calvinism pressed close upon the sun which made those times so bright. What is the moral of all this? The moral is, that we overestimate the importance of the shifting remnant. That remnant is relative, not absolute, and in the nature of things it must change. This is what Bishop Foster meant in his Baltimore sermon: "We are safe in saying that up to date there is no perfect creed; we even doubt if there ever will be. . . . The attitude of the church must ever be both that of a teacher and that of a learner. . . . Thus its creed, substantially true, will come more and more to have exact truth and represent the mind and will of the everliving Source of all truth."

I have no intention of defending the "New Theology." Dr. Thayer knows how to deal with that on its merits. But when Dr. Baldwin preferred it to the Calvinism which reigned in the opening epochs of Protestantism, it occurred to me that there is no occasion for panic because the New Theology is entrenched at Andover and in the greatest commentaries and theologies of our times.

There is a perpetual temptation to bigotry; to feel that we, who are "the heirs of all the ages," possess the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But let us remember the shifting remnant. Whether this or that novelty is a part of the shifting remnant, time alone will tell. The lesson for us is charity and forbearance. Methodism as it dwelt in the soul of John Wesley, and as it went forth conquering, was spiritual, broad, practical. Its strength lay in a life-and-death grip upon "the doctrines of grace," the fundamental doctrines of redemption.

OUT WEST.

BY REV. W. McDONALD.

On my way to California, I spent a few days in Minneapolis—in all respects the most attractive city west of the Mississippi. I can say this without incurring the displeasure of St. Paul, as that city is on the other side of the river. These prosperous cities are great rivals. In their feelings toward each other they resemble Jews and Samaritans. But which are Jews, and which Samaritans, we leave others to determine. If you would get a fair description of St. Paul, you must not ask a Minneapolis man; and vice versa. But take either man's estimate of both cities, add them together, and divide by two, and the result will be substantially correct.

How often do we hear the expression, "The great West!" It may be more properly characterized by largeness. A pastor of Mathewson St. Church, Providence, was once explaining to his people the difference between "large" and "great." "Brethren," said he, "College Hill is large, but Dr. Wayland is great." Judged of in this way, the West is large.

One feels, as he gets west of the Mississippi, that he is fairly out of doors, with ample elbow-room on all sides. Speaking of its greatness, a recent writer has said: "Mountains, rivers, railways, ranches, herds, crops, business transactions, ideas, even men's virtues and vices, are cyclopean. All seem to have taken a touch of vastness, from the mighty

horizon. Western stories are on the same large scale, so large, indeed, that it takes a dozen Eastern men to believe one of them." But the West has a right to boast of its largeness. When it talks of broad acres, it has something to talk about.

We boast—and we have a right to—of our great and glorious New England, which is said to be always sure of three crops—viz., ice, granite, and men. But when we talk of broad acres, we are left. You could carve three New Englands out of Dakota alone, and have territory enough left to make three Massachusetts—a State which thinks itself wise enough, and big enough, without any foreign assistance, to govern the world. But passing by these matters, which are too big to talk about, I have a few words to say of Minneapolis.

With each recurring visit to this city, I am more and more astonished at its marvelous growth. I first visited Minneapolis in the spring of 1855—more than thirty-one years ago. It was at that time a Government reserve, not even pre-empted. But during that same year the land came into the market. Rev. A. C. Godfrey, now a member of the New England Conference, pre-empted some forty acres of what is now the city, and worth at this time from one to two million dollars. What a mercy that he did not retain it!

At that time there was but one church edifice west of the river—a little Presbyterian church, so small that fifty persons could scarcely be seated in it. As I was passing along one of the streets, the other day, I discovered that little bandbox of a church stowed away in the rear of some better buildings, looking as natural as life. I should have recognized it had I met it on the plains of Jericho.

The Methodists—not more than half a dozen at that time—worshipped in the attic of an old land office. The room was about 12x15, and occupied by a cobbler during the week. He put his bench and chips on one side on Saturday night, drew a calico curtain across the room, and allowed us to worship there on the Sabbath. It was the only place to be had at that time in the town.

During the summer of 1855, we rented a small room over a hardware store, and vacated the land office for better quarters. The room was considerably larger, about 16x25, as nearly as I now remember. It was minus lathing, plastering, paint, and, indeed, everything else, save the bare, unfinished walls. The floors were rough, and the walls and ceiling were black as night. But it was a room with walls and roof. A few of us—and the few were all we had—volunteered to take off our coats and go in for fitting up the room for a place of worship. We were not extravagant in our finishing or furnishing, for the best of all reasons—we could not be, if we would. For cushioned pews we substituted soft pine plank, without backs. For fresco and paint, we used real good whitewash, which gave a cheerful appearance to the black walls. And, though not a carpenter, nor the son of a carpenter, with my own hands I built the pulpit. When I had constructed the frame-work, I went to St. Paul and purchased some cloth suitable for the purpose, and adorned my pulpit, so that all regarded it as the best piece of work in the place. I am, therefore, entitled to the honor of building the first Methodist pulpit in Minneapolis. Carpets were not a thing to be thought of in those times.

When all was completed, we invited the presiding elder, Rev. David Brooks (still residing in the city), to dedicate the place. The room was well filled; the music, if not classic, was eminently religious; the sermon was scriptural and Methodist, and the people were devout; and a Methodist church was established in the beautiful city of Minneapolis.

That little church has greatly multiplied; but to how many I am not able to tell. A St. Paul man was asked how many Methodist churches there were in Minneapolis. His answer was, that he could not tell. He could have told the number the last week, but he was not able to tell the number the present week. They dedicated one new church the first Sabbath I was in town, and were nearly ready to dedicate another. New England is well represented

in the Minneapolis churches. Our friend, Rev. F. J. Wagner, has been appointed presiding elder of the district—I doubt not, to his satisfaction; and we are assured that the people are pleased. He has just built him a beautiful house, in which he resides, and seems well established in his new Western home.

We met our old friend, Rev. C. D. Pillsbury, formerly of the East Maine, but for many years of the Wisconsin Conference. He is spending the evening of his life in this delightful city. Age has left its marks upon him, but he still seems active and happy.

Rev. Bro. Jordan, recently pastor of Morgan Chapel, Boston, is the successor of Bro. Wagner at Franklin Avenue, and I hear that he is doing well and making a favorable impression.

There is a good deal of religious activity in these parts, without very great spiritual progress. Spirituality, I am told, by those who are in a position to know, is at a very low ebb. Preachers are having a hard time to stem the tide of worldliness and spiritual death.

I was in Minneapolis eight days, including two Sabbaths, preaching five times—four times at Centenary, and once at Hennepin Ave. But I have written enough for this time.

THE OPENING OF THE GERMAN CONGRESS.

BY PROF. C. C. BRADDOCK.

The German Congress consists of the Bundesrat, corresponding to our Senate, whose sixty-two members are appointed for one year only by the governments of the several States of which the empire is composed, and the Reichstag—our House of Representatives—whose three hundred and ninety-nine members are elected by universal suffrage for three years. Where the power lies may be seen from the fact that Prussia has 28 out of the 399. The Bundesrat, by its eleven standing committees—on army, navy, tariff, etc., etc.—seems to be in a sort of perpetual session, and is itself a committee of which Bismarck is chairman. Its sessions are not public, and a good many educated people in Berlin (for I have asked that number) do not know when it meets, or if it ever meets! In the Reichstag is all the interest. This body is called together by the Emperor, not by statute, at least once a year—this year on Nov. 25.

At 10 o'clock A. M. on that day special divine services were held in the cathedral for the Protestants, and in the main (St. Hedwig's) Roman Catholic Church for the Catholics of that faith. I like the custom. I like the reverence shown and the confession of need of help from above, and I believe that the German people are more devout at heart than most of us Methodists have ever thought. And this, notwithstanding that I am bound to record that German congressmen in the concrete do not in religious exercises than American, for only about thirty were in the cathedral, and a dozen or so in the Catholic church.

At 12.30 in the White Salon of the old palace (the palace of Frederick the Great's time, not used as a residence lately except by some cousins or so of the line) the formal opening took place. As neither the emperor nor Bismarck were to be present (Bismarck is at a country-seat, nursing rheumatism and avoiding interviewers), the usual crowd was conspicuous by its absence. Even the legislators who were to be "opened" were very scarce. First, the Bundesrat came in, headed by Bismarck's representative for the day, State Secretary Von Boetticher, and took the left of the throne. On its right took their place the few members of the Reichstag who thought it worth while to come. The members of the two houses stood in the order of the importance of their respective States. Between them stood the president of the last session (now re-elected for this), Herr Wedell-Piesdorff, with several officials. Without ceremony Von Boetticher stepped forward two steps (the royal organ was particularly about the number of the steps) and read the "speech from the throne," the substance of which, with the European comments, you have already had by telegraph, but which was greeted with entire silence by the prudent legislators who first heard it. At its close the speaker said, "By the gracious command of His Majesty the Emperor, I declare in his name the Reichstag of the United States opened;" and turned to greet his neighbor—a signal for general hand-shaking and disbanding.

At 2 o'clock, the hour for the real opening, we are in the gallery, Tribune B (a very bad place, by the way; avoid it, unless you can be sure to get there early enough for a front seat; American-Germanic eloquence could coax no better from the impassive door-keeper), of the House on Leipzig Street. The Hall is something larger than ours at Washington, has dark brown for its color, the walls, pillars, carpet, all being of that tone; is lighted

by half a dozen electric arcs, already in play.

The reporters' gallery and ours are the only ones tolerably filled. The diplomatic gallery is empty, the others nearly so. So is the floor. The chairs are covered in a very light brown leather and are fixed by threes and fours, mostly, behind desks like school desks, in the centre of which, not at top or corner, are white ink-wells, giving a singularly spotted appearance to the entire floor. Delegates are gathering and greeting each other. The older members are at home. The new ones try to seem so, and look about with a knock-a-clip-off-my-shoulder-won't-you air, arms akimbo, nose snuffing the breezes, and under-doing the matter—too alert. A good many look up to the galleries, and use their pocket-combs and brushes to prepare for inspection. But nobody is looking at them. Whom can any one look at but Von Moltke—grand, simple, winning Von Moltke, as he stands by his place (front, third from the right) receiving greeting, or sits as if expecting none? I like to look at him. A man of war? He looks as mild as a girl and gentle as a why. "It can't be he. Is it? Is that the general?" Assuredly, yes. All German voices about me heartily confirm the selection of our eyes (from his pictures), and we look again, well-pleased. A slight man with a small head. Some way he makes me think of our dear Bishop Simpson, and my heart warms to him for it.

The various parties are grouped in the seating of their representatives. Talk of divisions and factions in America—do you know how many parties this government is made up of? Nine! How would you like that? At the right and left of the president's chair are two rows of seats on the platform for the Bundesrat. The front row on the right is for ministers. First of these sits Bismarck. First on the right, on the floor, are the Conservatives, among whom Von Moltke is found; next the Imperialists; next the Centrals; and so on, each taking a slice from front to back. A noted three happen to be talking together—Dr. Windthorst, Mr. Virchow, Mr. Rickert, the best debaters in the house, it is said. Dr. W. makes me think of Dr. McClellent; and Mr. Rickert somehow reminds me of Dr. Twombly. Back on the left, writing, is Herr Singer, who is banished from Berlin (he has a large business in ladies' clothing here), except during sessions, for his social-democratic emphases; he looks like Dr. Eli. A bell rings in the entry. A few more come in. Bell again (like Lassell's dinner bell, exactly; wish I were there and really hearing it!)—a few more. The ex-president mounts the rostrum and gently asks for order, which he does not get; appoints two secretaries; makes his little speech, to which no one, except Von Moltke and the secretaries, pays the least attention (These men have caught their manners from Washington. Too bad!), and orders roll-call. Roll-call over, there is of official, not actual) silence for the space of about half an hour, while presentees are counted. At last it is announced that of the 399 are present 199 for a quorum; and as only 197 are present, the House cannot go to business. So they go to dinner; and he to telegraph to absentees to come right away; and we to get some fresh air. I wonder if the Germans really like fresh air. They keep rooms often cold but close; when warm, very warm; sleep with closed windows—think it suicide to do otherwise; keep horse-car a bit shut, and if the door stays open they only like fresh air with beer and music and friends in a summer garden. Maybe they get enough that way to last the winter through.

And that's how the Reichstag did not open!

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"Mabel, I want a motto; can you give me one?"
"What for?"
"I'm painting a set of china for Harry—cup, saucer, and plate—and I want something suggestive to put on it—a sort of key to the New Year, you know; something that will remind him of his home and his associations in the midst of his loneliness and the temptations of the great city."

"Is Harry a Christian?"
"Yes, he's a church member; but his religion doesn't seem to have taken much hold of him, and I fear when he is removed from home influence and exposed to the seductions of the city, it will vanish altogether."

"How would, 'Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God, do?'"
"That is rather long to paint upon china."

"Then divide it. Put one clause on each."

"So I can. Thanks, Mabel, for your suggestion!"

New Year's morning Harry's landlady set before him the three dainty pieces of china which his sister's loving and skilled hand had covered with artistic devices. Across each ran a pretty arrangement of scroll-work bearing the different clauses of the motto. By placing the set in line, he could read

the text as a whole, which whole, as he ate his breakfast, afforded ample food for thought.

Harry had now been three months amid his new surroundings. How had he spent his time? "Eating," and "drinking," and "doing," but was it all "to the glory of God?" Such questions generally answer themselves in the negative, and the negative is usually so painful that relief is sought in the formation of resolutions to do better; so Harry went out to his first work of the New Year, treading soberly but securely along that pavement which tradition says leads to a very miserable place, but which, in dependence upon Divine strength, may lead to a much better one. As he turned the corner, from mere force of habit he drew from his pocket the Havana which always found its place there, and the equally omnipresent box of matches, and began to smoke, with a sense of manliness known to young smokers. The white puffs looked to him very pretty as they curled up in the frosty morning air, but all at once they formed themselves into letters, and there written in white upon the blue sky he saw: "To the glory of God."

Was that his purpose in smoking? Was that the end accomplished by the smoke? Could he ever say that the indulgence was a harmless one, upon which the smile of Him who hath given us all things richly to enjoy, rested? No; for, first, he knew very well that this constant narcotizing with the deadly nicotine was laying the foundations of future injury to his nervous system; and, second, the ten cents which that cigar cost, multiplied by the ten times ten which had already gone the same way, with the compound multiplication that would go on in the future if he continued the habit, would go a great way towards supporting the kingdom of Christ at home and sending its glad tidings abroad "to the glory of God."

The smoking of this cigar, small as it was, was part of the "whatsoever;" and, by the grace of God, sought, obtained and persevered in, that was the last cigar which ever entered the young man's lips.

Harry's boarding-house meals were not, as a rule, very tempting; and, used to the good cookery and general petting of home, he had been wont to make up for the deficiency by luxurious little lunches at a fashionable restaurant. Of course he paid for all he bought, and the money was his own which he worked for; but one day, as he sat taking his dainty little meal from the restaurant's decorated china, he seemed to see upon it in shadowy letters: "Whether, therefore, ye eat . . . do all to the glory of God." Harry's conscience had not yet been blunted by disobedience, and it told him very plainly that dollar-and-a-half lunches, composed of indigestible dainties, were not the best way in which a young Christian with a small salary could "glorify God in the body," as well as "the spirit, which are His." He was acquainted with many a man and woman, who, martyrs to dyspepsia and its attendant evils, were rendered useless to society and wretched in themselves. Henceforth the young man satisfied his young country appetite with healthful cereals, milk, sweet brown-bread and butter, which never cost him more than twenty-five cents, in the plain but cleanly "Dairy" where they were served; and the savings which thus found their way into his own bank account and the Lord's treasury, to say nothing of his improved health and spirits, were greatly "to the glory of God."

But a still more severe trial awaited Harry in the application of his motto to the social life into which he was received with open arms. Pledge-signing had not been the fashion in his country home. Cider and home-made wines had always found their place upon his father's table and in his mother's cookery, especially at seasons of festivity. Hence there was no shock to his sensibility in the substitution of rich wines and champagne at the parties to which he was constantly invited. But he found that he always woke the morning after these parties with a headache, and quite unfitted for the duties of the day. He found, moreover, that a taste for these things was growing upon him, and that more than once he was glad to accept the offer of a friend to "treat" at the bar of a saloon into which a Christian man should not be seen to enter. It was while enjoying one of these headaches, which his morning cup of coffee failed to drive away, that his dull eyes caught the words upon the cup he lifted to his lips: "Whether ye eat or drink, or a total abstinence pledge was taken then and there, the keeping of which was greatly "to the glory of God;" the more so that the Christian Association which the young man had joined afforded him many opportunities of helping others who were fast becoming slaves of fatal habits of intoxication. When he had once realized the needs of this large class and the wonderful power over them of personal example, he felt that no social conventionalities, no seductive invitations from fair and jeweled belles, no good fellowship of companions, could make it "to the glory of God" for a young man to drink, even in moderation.

We have no space to tell how Harry's New Year's motto gradually came to be the ruling principle of his life; how his clothes ceased to be of the finest and

most expensive broadcloth, his neckties less stunning and varied, his whole attire more modest and unassuming; how his amusements became recreational rather than sensational and exhausting; and how more and more time was taken from personal gratification to be spent in good deeds and the service of the Lord. Harry learned to guard his conversation from flippant levity as well as impurity; to observe the strictest integrity in all his business dealings; to combine the largest liberality with the most winning courtesy; in short, to become all that a Christian young man should become in consequence under God, as he told his sister in later years of his daily study and persistent application of her New Year's motto.

Passing Comment.

BY NITO.

Here is a good example of the timely editorial wisdom of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*:—

"A crusty man, a cynical woman, or a cross child will disenchant, chill, and tangle an entire household. One cheery Christian inspires a whole church, while one bilious disciple modifies a Christian circle in the wrong direction. There is even cash value in a hopeful man."

Surely it would help the world wonderfully if the gospel of cheerfulness could be preached and practiced all the year round.

The *New York Evangelist*, commenting on that portion of Dr. Holmes' Harvard anniversary poem where he sings,—
"O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections
Of that mighty Edwards stamped his iron
beel,"

furnishes the following bit of history concerning President Edwards:—
"Just one week after his inauguration he was stricken down with a contagious disease, and in less than a month he died, March 22, 1758, having been but nine weeks a resident of the State, and five weeks the inaugurated president of the college."

Evidently the *Evangelist* thinks there is but little poetry and no historic truth in the quotation.

According to the *Churchman*,—
"The Church of England has never called itself 'Protestant' in any of its documents, but in sundry state papers it has been so called."

In some of these state papers, it allows, the name "Protestant Episcopal Church" is used, as are also corresponding designations; but adds:—
"These were the terms used by the statesmen of England, but the Church herself has never once employed them."

We are not surprised when the *Intelligencer* tells us:—
"M. Renan has been a notable infidel, and has clothed his unbelief in words which have captivated many readers. At last he has thrown away every disguise and appears as a teacher of shameless immorality. Even the Parisian journals are shocked."

This is a pertinent illustration of prophecy. The Bible declares: "Wicked men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." (2 Tim. 3. 13.)

The *New York Observer* has made itself felt in the right spot. It says:—
"Our editorial on gambling by gentlemen at race-courses is vigorously attacked by a leading organ of the turf. It says that our views on this subject widen the breach between the church and honest men of the world."

Would it not be well to accept as true the statement that there is a wide breach between the church and the world? And is it not the duty of the church, by all moral forces, to widen this breach until the world shall voluntarily cross it and become Christian? All efforts to harmonize them in any other way tend to the destruction of both.

The *Interior* has a pungent unconventional editorial in which it says:—
"The time of year has come when the church, with unflinching periodicity, raises the everlasting question of how to get at the people. Ministers' associations discuss it with the fervor that is born of novelty. Weak churches consider it with the energy that comes from despair."

It prophesies thus:—
"It will pass away, just as measles and whooping-cough and other epidemics subside."

The reason for this epidemic fervor it finds in the fact that—
"The church is looking out for a patron that shall obviate the necessity for labor."

Is not this so near the truth as to be startling? Certainly it demands solemn and thorough consideration.

We do not see how it could be possible to pack more truth in a sentence than in the following from the *London Methodist Times*:—
"God can do without Methodism, but Methodism cannot do without God."

Sometimes our utterances come too near appearing to imply that God could not well do without us; and sometimes our actions seem to imply that we can get along without God.

Miscellaneous.

METHODISM AND HER CRITICS.

BY CHAPLAIN C. C. MCCABE.

Sydney Smith is chiefly remembered now from the fact that once he sneered at William Carey and called him a "consecrated cobbler," betraying in that very remark an utter ignorance of spiritual dynamics. For what difference does it make whether a man is a cobbler or a king, so he is consecrated and becomes thereby a channel of divine power?

This same Sydney Smith, from his high seat as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, sneered at John Wesley, and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, and John Fletcher, and all the other immortals who crowded around the illustrious founder of Methodism. But William Carey went to India; he climbed from a cobbler's bench to a translator's desk; he became the greatest Sauter scholar in the world, and drew forth this encomium from the *Quarterly Review*: "Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of tongues. In fourteen years these low-born and low-bred mechanics have done more toward spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished by all the world beside."

William Carey called Christendom to the cause of missions with his watchword, "Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God," and died in the midst of spiritual victories so wonderful that they have never ceased, and never will cease, to inspire the church. While Sydney Smith was sneering at John Wesley, he went calmly on, preaching three times a day, organizing his societies, and laying the foundations of a superstructure whose magnificent proportions only the Divine Architect Himself could comprehend.

Sydney Smith went on writing his little editorials and preaching his little sermons, and at last died, and let us hope, went home to heaven to find out how greatly he was mistaken when he wrote and spoke against the Lord's anointed.

General Hallcock will be forever remembered chiefly from the fact that he opposed General Grant from the very outset of his victorious career, and actually succeeded in depriving him of his command after Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh; and had it not been for the friendship of General Sherman and the great good sense of Abraham Lincoln, the savior of his country would have been remanded to obscurity. But after Vicksburg fell, Abraham Lincoln said: "The man who has fought twenty-eight battles and won twenty-eight great victories is the man that should be made commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States."

The church and the country have always had, and always will have, their Sydney Smiths and General Hallocks—men who do not and cannot recognize true greatness when they see it, and who do not and cannot feel the force of the logic of facts. I imagine that the author of a recent article in a magazine called the *Forum*, and the author of a recent editorial in the *Boston Herald*, are men who ought to be classed with the Sydney Smiths and General Hallocks of to-day. It is not wonderful that great armies such as Methodism has become, should have a few discontented men who look upon all her great movements as waves by which ambitious men can ride into position and power. And it is not surprising that when such men fail in their efforts to reach such positions, they should rush into print, and in such articles as the one entitled "Confessions of a Methodist" in the *Forum* furnish the text for such an article as "The Methodist Outlook," in the *Boston Herald*. To my certain knowledge, some of the severest critics of Methodism to-day have been seeking office all their lives, and have at last, in despair that the church will ever recognize their greatness, become its outspoken enemies. I, for one, do not regret the publication of such articles. They contain some magnificent compliments which, though uttered in a spirit of hostility, I fear we are not fully worthy of. The charge, for instance, that we are the church of the poor—would God it were so more than it is! Would God that there may be ground for this charge through all the coming years! Go into any of the great cathedrals of the Episcopal Church; look at the pictures of the Apostles in their stained-glass windows, and be absolutely sure that if those holy men were alive to-day, and clad in fishermen's garb were to seek entrance into what is called the polite society of Boston and New York, they would be rejected. But there is not a Methodist church of all the more than thirty thousand that stand on this continent to-day whose doors would not be open for them, and into whose society they would not find a Christian welcome. If there be such a church in our denomination, it has lost the spirit of the fathers, and ought to repent and do its first works. The Methodist Church of Boston welcomed a fisherman's boy to her altars who made the magnificent donation of more than a million of dollars to found the Boston University. We take the poor, and by the grace of God we make them rich, and then they consecrate their money to help us in our great educational and church extension and missionary enterprises.

Turn now to some of the uncomplimentary things said by the editor of the *Boston Herald*. We quote: "Probably there are more forsaken houses of worship and more backslidden Christians in the Methodist body than are relatively to be found in any other American religious household." Now I challenge the author of that article to give us the name of any town in all this Republic where there is an abandoned Methodist church. Let him institute a system of correspondence with his brethren in the Episcopal min-

istry, and give us the names of these abandoned churches. If they can be found anywhere, they can be found in New England, where our churches have suffered so much from emigration. But remember that these migratory Methodists are found again in the new States and Territories of the West, where, as in Iowa, we outnumber all other denominations put together. I spent sixteen years in the work of Church Extension, and during the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the close of the war, our increase in church buildings outnumbers by thousands the entire possessions of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopal denominations, and what is even more significant, the possessions of the Roman Catholic Church. Where, then, are these abandoned houses of worship? Such a statement ought to be backed up by the facts, or else all thoughtful men will look upon it as a deliberate falsehood.

Again, it is a sad truth that Methodists sometimes backslide; but they do not generally remain long in our church. They generally call for their letters, and unite with the Episcopal and other denominations. Methodism refuses to stand like a siren at the four gates of hell—the ball room, the card table, the wine cup, and the theatre, through which gates the young men of the Republic are going down to destruction by thousands; aye, and the young women, too. In our General Rules we lift a warning voice against all such sinful pleasures. We cannot revise those rules until the New Testament is revised in the spirit as well as in the letter. Festoon these gates of hell with flowers, fill the atmosphere about them with music, surround them by what society is pleased to call the attractions of art—they are the gates of hell all the same, and they introduce to a pathway that leads, though it may be through a social organization called a church, down to ruin in this life and to eternal death in the next.

Methodism has her faults, but far be the day when such treason to the welfare of immortal souls shall be one of them. There is many a mother in Boston to-day who has terrible reason for knowing what I say to be true; and a church which lifts no warning voice against these evils which blast human lives, wreck human hopes, and break human hearts, has no valid claim to be the church of the Apostles.

The New York *Observer* pays Methodism the splendid compliment of saying that it is the greatest and most effective temperance organization on the face of the earth.

And now with regard to the charge of ecclesiastical tyranny. Every Methodist preacher can well afford to smile. What men call tyranny is simply military discipline. Methodism is an army; for the good of the work each minister surrenders his right to choose his own appointment, and agrees to go where he is sent—just as the soldier surrenders for a time his personal liberty and obeys the command of his general. Bishop James used to say: "The power of a Bishop is a moral power; when he abuses it, it vanishes." Our Bishops are generally men who have been soldiers in the ranks themselves, and they move and station an army of twelve thousand pastors every year with scarcely any friction. There is something sublime in the manner in which this great work is done. You do not find Methodist pastors standing about in the ecclesiastical market-place saying, "No man hath hired us." Every pastor has his flock and every flock has its pastor. In my long experience I knew of just one man who refused to go to his appointment. He was young, full of ambition, a little bit conceited. Somehow he got an inkling of where he was going to be sent, and he waited upon Bishop Simpson and said to him: "Bishop, I cannot go to that appointment. The salary is too small, and it is too far away from the city. If I am to be sent there, I shall ask a location." The Bishop tenderly remonstrated with him, told him not to decide too hastily, and requested him to pray over it. On Sunday the great Bishop took his place in the pulpit and preached that glorious sermon which, when once heard, could never be forgotten, from the text: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." As Paul emerged from shipwreck and from perils by land and sea, crying, "None of these things move me," a great commotion was observed in the rear of the congregation, and the voice of a man was heard by the startled audience crying: "Anywhere, anywhere, my Lord!" Nobody understood it but the Bishop and the young preacher himself. Such a bishop as Bishop Simpson was, can send the humblest preacher to his appointment full of the spirit of conquest.

Both of the articles in question are weak and illogical. But if they will serve the purpose of stimulating the spirit of denominational introspection, they will do us good and not harm. Many a man has learned his best lessons from his enemies, and it may be so sometimes with churches. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" I cannot conceive of any other reason why Job should want his enemy to write a book, than that he indulged the hope that he might possibly get some useful lesson out of it.

What, then, is the Methodist outlook? I answer: "Never so bright as now!" Last year one hundred thousand souls were converted at our altars. A wave of revival power swept over us from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We have surpassed all the world in church extension, and we now propose, by a swift and silent march, to place ourselves in the forefront of Protestantism in raising money to evangelize the world, for we are going to have "A Million for Missions by Collections Only."

ADVENTURINGS IN ARKANSAS.

BY REV. ALFRED NOON.

The popular fiction respecting Arkansas (Arkansas, if you please, Mr. Editor and reader—so says the governor, and so must we) represents its inhabitant as "a traveler," a sort of wandering Jew; but here the late itinerant finds a rest, after thirty years of changing homes. You of Boston and Worcester and Newburyport are at the polls to-day, voting against license, and very likely have gone thither in overcoats and rubbers. As the murmur of intelligent responses to earnest questions comes inward and downward from recitation-rooms, a south wind, warm as the breath of June, sports with the leaves of the magnolia and hawthorn without. For days little ones have been playing out of doors with no other garments to shield them from the air; our pupils to-day who belong in the city are their lunch upon the lawn from choice. The last streak of snow you sent us a week ago has gone from the roof-gables on Capital Hill yonder. Surely this is the sunny South.

In this busy, bustling city of Little Rock, we probably realize less of the peculiarities of the section than many do who are otherwise situated. All is new here. Prof. Winchell tells the Chautauquans that even the geological formation here is very recent. The old State House has been refitted with modern windows and other appointments. Fine blocks are in process of erection. The churches and schools are modern and substantial. A large proportion of the populace has come in very recently—hundreds of them since the Memphis train landed the winter here in September.

Crowning two prominent crests of this hilly "city of roses" are the two institutions over which Methodism has every reason to feel jubilant. Yonder, rearing its stately spire into the southern sky, is our Philander Smith College, locally recognized and honored as doing most efficient and salutary work. Prof. Mason is toiling diligently with over a hundred students, whose intelligent features tell the story of successful study. Here on the heights bounded by the hurrying Arkansas river, rises the elegant main building of Little Rock University. Its list of eighty-three matriculates represents a fine set of young people as one can ask for. Sit upon the platform and look upon the main body of pupils just before you, and you would seem to be peering into faces like those at Wilbraham. The group to your right is of our college students, not as many yet as at Middletown, or Boston, or Harvard, perhaps, but as many as those institutions showed in their earlier days, and some of them as bright as their best of to-day. The two institutions are in happy relations, and each striving to build up the cause of God and of Methodism.

Here are three churches of our denomination. A mile and a half from us is the Main St. Church with a fine business block and a large opportunity. A mile and a half off in another direction is the Ebenezer Church, on Capital Hill, young and thrifty. Each has taken its missionary collection, under the new call, and with a success that will put to the blush many in Yankee land. Main Street, with its eighty members, will report about one hundred dollars offering; and Ebenezer, with about forty, will reach three-fourths that amount. Near Philander Smith College is Wesley Church, of the Little Rock Conference, with good congregation and interest. In this city live two presiding elders—Rev. T. B. Ford of the Arkansas, and Rev. M. Crawford of the Little Rock Conference, both devoted and loyal workers of whom the church need not be ashamed. Bros. Cunningham and Morton, our local pastors, are full of zeal and interest.

Arkansas is a place for great future development. Such a city as Little Rock speaks volumes for the prospects of the State. The war found a sleeping village of a few hundred inhabitants; the outcome has made a thriving city. Back in the interior are hundreds of families of our own people who help to develop the great natural advantages. Most of them are poor in all but faith. They have children who must be fostered and educated by our methods, and in our broad and Christian spirit. A few are aided at Little Rock University. Who will care for others, waiting, hoping, praying for some kind friend to aid them so they may come to school? Nowhere will money go farther, nowhere may better results be expected.

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 13.

DES MOINES CONFERENCE LETTER.

BY REV. C. L. NYE.

It is some time since you have received a letter from this part of Zion; we are not silent because we have nothing to say, nor for the reason that no good report can be sent up from the land, so we send these items from the field.

This Conference, in which the district that first reached the "million line," and which has attained no little reputation among the churches for aggressiveness and rapid growth, has not belied her fame this year, but shows a healthy and permanent advance along all the lines of church work. Our missionary collection this year was \$12,800—an advance of over \$1,300 on the collection of last year, and over the line by considerable. Many of the other collections are also advanced, and while the claims of pastors are greater than last year, the per cent. of them paid is the same as before, '93. An average of 78 cents per member was paid for benevolences, while at the same time over \$60,000, in a comparatively new country, has been paid for building and improve-

ments. An increase in membership and Sunday-school scholars of over ten per cent. shows a vital spirituality which argues well for the future.

Our Conference session at Council Bluffs was a most spiritual and profitable occasion. Bishop Bowman seems to renew his youth in old age, and was never doing more valuable work than now. Immediately following Conference came the session of your A. B. C. F. M. at Des Moines, the head of our Conference and the capital of our State. We cannot tell what impression our city and State made upon them; we trust and believe, however, a pleasant one—but we can speak freely as to the impression they made upon us. Not only the Congregationalists of Iowa, but the entire Christian people, took a deep interest in the meeting, and all felt the impetus of their missionary fire. While we as Methodists took no direct interest in the paramount discussion touching the condition of the heathen, we were, nevertheless, in full sympathy with the conservative and predominant element in the Board. The presence of this solid body of men, so largely from New England, was a quiet but unusual seemed to pervade the town. Vice and sin hid their faces, and the press of the city almost forgot the great political conflict just to follow in their endeavor to report fully and correctly the proceedings. An authentic and suggestive incident was that which has been extensively copied in the entire press of the country, of the comment of the Rock Island conductor as to the cleanliness and deportment of these representative men. May our next General Conference be as free from tobacco and offensive faults as was this great gathering!

Election has come and gone, bringing victory and defeat, and leaving disappointment to many a local politician as well as to some of national fame. The greatest surprise was in this congressional district, where Congressman Hepburn, a well-known Methodist, in a district where his party majority has always been from 2,000 to 3,000, was "left," with as great a majority for his opponent. He was on the wrong side of the inter-state transportation question—so the people thought, at least—and the above was the result. "Put not your trust in princes."

Since Conference, revival meetings and district conferences, laying great plans for the coming year, have been the order of the day. Every district in the Conference has, I think, laid out a well-planned missionary campaign, and in many places already quite extensive revivals have occurred. At Mt. Airy, in the Charlotte district, under the labors of Evangelists Wilson and Kennedy, in a town of less than two thousand, over two hundred have been converted or reclaimed, and the missionary roll set rolling by a collection of \$738.

Many revivals are in progress now. At the First Church, Des Moines, for the first time in years they are having a revival under the labors of Mrs. Frame, a Quaker evangelist. By the way, the employment of evangelists seems to be increasing in this section, and whether wisely or otherwise, few wider-spread revivals have occurred in this Conference for some years except as thus conducted. We state the fact; your readers can draw their own conclusions.

Two of our presiding elders are unusually aggressive men, and publish quarterly magazines of some literary merit, while many of our pastors use "printer's ink" to profit. A new church *Advocate*—the *Inland Christian*—has been projected at Des Moines, edited by Dr. Collins. A similar paper was published while some ten or twelve years ago, but proved a failure. We look with some solicitude to the career of this new candidate for "official favor."

Prohibition in Iowa grows in favor, and is being more generally and thoroughly enforced. A great change has occurred in the last year. Except on the extreme border, or in one or two isolated communities where the entire population are "anti," there is no saloon in Iowa. The "Clark combination lock," as the law passed by the Legislature last winter is called, has effectively closed the dram-shop. The drug store is still to some degree a violator of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law. No doubt defects exist in our present pharmacy law, but there is not the amount of intoxicants sold as often reported, and public sentiment is growing wonderfully fast in favor of law and order as well as for prohibition. The Haddock murder at Sioux City was a fatal blow to the rum traffic, and his murderers are now awaiting trial next month.

So, while there is some financial depression, every interest of morals, of the church at large, and of Methodism in particular, is looking up all over the Des Moines Conference. The class-meeting is well sustained, the circulation of our church papers is greater than ever before, the Conference was never better manned than now, the outlook is inspiring, and the future full of promise. Thus we, like Paul at the Three Taverns, "thank God and take courage."

Leon, Iowa, Dec. 15.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

A certain wayward youth, after several years of wanderings, chanced to return to the vicinity of his native village. Still unrepentant, it was no part of his intention to avail himself of the opportunity hereby presented to seek his father's house, and to become reconciled to the fond parent he had, by his waywardness and disobedience, so grossly wronged. He would simply take a hurried glance at the loved scenes of his boyhood, and then, unrecognized, unknown, turn away again, and perhaps forever.

The day is drawing to a close. The long shadows of trees and church-spires form marked features of the scene; while the golden glories of the slow-descending October sun transfigure every object on which they fall. The young man is about to take his departure. Meantime he passes the old church within whose consecrated walls he had spent so many pleasant Sabbath hours with his family in other days. The door is ajar. Shall he just enter and take a hasty look at the familiar, though sombre, scene? He will. He crosses the threshold. More; he quietly passes along the aisle. He seeks the old family pew. There still remain the well-known, well-worn family books—Bibles, Psalters, etc. He sits down for a moment. Happy memories of other days come thronging back upon him. Again the fond faces of the family group are before him. For a moment the flood of tender recollections threatens to break down the obstinate barrier of pride, and allow the currents of his better nature, so long repressed, free and full course; but with a great effort he overcomes his weakness, and resolves that, without further delay, he will continue his journey; when, lo! suddenly from the organ loft there comes a strain of wondrous melody! Those who be the fingers thus at this untimely hour so deftly unlocking these slumbering, heavenly melodies? He had seen, had heard, no one enter the church. Was it an angel, with a halo resting on its golden head, that was seated at the organ? As the fragrance of sweetest flowers diffuses itself through a chamber, so stole that delicious music that evening out into that old church, and into that young man's heart. Lightly the player's fingers touch the keys, eliciting therefrom, doubtless, a response to the peace and trust that filled her own soul; awakening, meanwhile, echoes most delightful in the heart of her unknown, unsuspected listener—the hitherto obdurate, unrelenting prodigal.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Ah! how often, in other days, on a Sabbath evening, had this now wretched youth sung these same words with his dear mother at the piano, the children meanwhile all fondly gathering round. But hold! the strain changes, and now, sweetly almost as an angel's whisper,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

is wafted through the echoing spaces of the spacious church.

Could it be that this glorious hymn was intended expressly for him? Once again the music changes. Eagerly now he listens for the words. Tenderly and pathetically the child-voice sings:—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

And now for a moment there is a hush. But presently the fingers of the fair singer once more press the keys, and touching a triumphant chord, while her voice rings forth in joyous jubilee, she sings:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood;
Closely with,

"Till all the ransomed church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more."

"To sin no more." Lovingly the angelic singer lingers on the glad refrain: "To sin no more."

Meantime the same blessed gospel note is beginning at length to sound now through the dark, despairing depths of this young man's soul, while tears of penitence and contrition are freely, though almost unconsciously, coursing down his youthful yet weather-beaten face. Kneeling now all by himself in that old family pew, this at present deeply-convicted, penitent sinner for the first time in long years makes mention of the name of God in prayer.

Rising presently from his knees, the fact dawns upon him that his soul is actually glowing with God's touch of peace. He is happy. He feels singularly solemnized, cheered, elated. The conviction begins to be borne in upon his mind that he is a changed man. Halleluia!

But where, now, is that sweet-voiced, almost a few moments since so great a blessing to our reckless, abandoned one? Of her, alas! he can discover no sign. The organ is closed. The church is empty and deserted. The sunshine, meantime, has faded away, and the evening shades are gathering thickly in the corners and about the tall columns. He is all alone. How strange! Can it be that he has been the victim of some enchanting delusion—some romantic dream? But the sweet peace, the wondrous joy pervading his bosom, the awe that dares not move, assuring him that somehow heaven has come down to him, and that now he steps forth into the world a "new creature," with his face, in a double sense, towards his Father's house—this was no delusion.

Our Book Table.

THE PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOUR: Expounded and Illustrated by William M. Taylor, D. D., LL. D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Small octavo, \$1.75. The reviewer thinks at once of the standard volume of Archbishop Trench on the Parables, as he takes up this handsomely-published work, and the writer, in his preface, expresses his obligation to him. Dr. Taylor, however, has given us a richer volume. The Archbishop is chiefly exegetical. The Tabernacle pastor has enriched the exegesis with all the later contributions of modern criticism and of Biblical illustrations, and with his own vigorous thought and marked eloquence of style. The book forms a valuable contribution to our exegetical and homiletic literature, which will be the standard volume of the Bible student. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee.

Ginn & Heath issue, in a very attractive form, *FIRST WEEKS AT SCHOOL*, by J. H. Stickey and S. C. Peabody. (Crampton's flexible covers, and profusely illustrated, 14 cts. Nothing could be more inviting to the eyes of the new beginner in the somewhat painful preliminary work of school training. The hill of science has been made more easy, and the whole is full of inviting sights.

The second volume of the very valuable series of *GEORGE'S HORNS WITH THE BIBLE*, published by John B. Alden, New York, has been issued. It embodies his notes from Moses to Judges. This work is well known, and merits its great popularity. The present edition is both remarkably neat and cheap. It is bound in half morocco. The set of six volumes is sold for \$3.15. Single volume, 40 cts. In cloth, \$2.35.

Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati, publish *ANNIE BARTON'S JOURNAL: The Story of a Life*, by Mrs. C. E. Wilbur, 16mo, 75 cts. It teaches, in an autobiographic story, admirable lessons of perseverance, of charity and of piety.

They follow in a measure the festivals of the church, and cover a great variety of topics. All the discourses are direct, evangelical, eminently Scriptural, interpreting the very heart of the Gospel, and enforcing its solemn sanctions.

THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by John Henry Overton. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 80 cts. This is a very interesting monograph, written by the Rector of Epworth, a successor of the father of John and Charles Wesley. He gives a picture of the times preceding the great reformation, a fair portrait of the two Wesleys, and of Whitefield, and an account of the effect of their awakening preaching. He then describes the wide spread of the Methodist revival among the clergy and laity of the English Church, forming its evangelical wing. The author has an interesting chapter upon the literature of the revival, as also upon its results, the opposition awakened, its doctrines and its distinction from previous movements of the kind. The volume is prepared from the point of view of a member of the Established Church, but is written with much candor and discrimination.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, continue their useful series of popular histories, by issuing *YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND*, by George Makepeace Towle, 18mo, illustrated, \$1.50. John Boyle O'Reilly, editor and poet, contributes a characteristic and stirring introduction to the volume. The sad story, little to the honor of England, of this beautiful but depressed island, is told in a popular and attractive style. It is a book for the hour. Our newspaper literature is full of the present condition of Ireland. Our young readers should have her history in their minds to be able to form a fair judgment of the present controversies.

QUESTIONS AND READY REPLY, by S. Grant Ogburn. Boston: New England Publishing Co. 75 cts. The wonder is that any one could have conceived of so many queries. They cover all departments of knowledge. Some are simply curious, but the majority are asked from time to time, any one meets, but may not readily be able to place his hand upon the answer. The little hand-book certainly has a useful place in the library.

THE YOUNG WRECKER OF THE FLORIDA REEF, by Richard Meade Bache. Illustrated. Sixth edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This volume was first published twenty years ago. Its popularity is seen by the number of editions issued. The scenes are the reproduction of actual facts, occurring on the Florida reef. The story is an exciting one, told with much power.

The popular pastor of the Congregational Church, Brookline, Rev. Leuen Thomas, enters the field of religious fiction. D. Lothrop & Co. issue a volume from his pen, entitled *GRAVENBURG PEOPLE: Fiction but Fact*. \$1.25. The story is an entertaining one, and the moral is as apparent as the light of day. It is a thoughtful picture of the various characters forming a village church, and the experiences of pastors and people growing out of the peculiarities of a few members. It permits the author to picture his ideal church, and to utter many very wholesome practical counsels. It is a plea for genuine, catholic and earnest Christianity. It will do good in any communion.

The National Temperance Society publishes an excellent little book, entitled, *MAMA'S STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE*, by Laura Rittenhouse. The stories are just such stories as little ears love to hear, and they impress lessons not to be forgotten.

The latest issues of the National Library of Cassell & Co., New York, paper covers, price 10 cts. are: *BIBAO OF VEXIS*, by Laura Rittenhouse. The editor, by M. G. Lewis; *Plutarch's LIFE OF MARC ANTONY AND THEMISTOCLES*; and *PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS AND SELECTED ESSAYS*, by Sydney Smith.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE: or, The Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker, by William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 12mo, \$1.50. The successive chapters of this last novel from Mr. Howells' pen were noticed in the monthly review of *Century*. There is no questioning the interest awakened by his pictures of character and daily social life, although not one of his best stories is particularly attractive, whether men or women. His hero constantly disappoints you, his minister is utterly unsatisfactory and devoid of noble characteristics, his women are weak, selfish, or of ignoble life, and the story has no climax. It simply ends where the next book begins. The editor, however, constantly suggests higher possibilities, and leaves you with a feeling that he has not done justice to himself or to his readers. With the honesty and ability of Lemuel Barker, without evil habits and low temptations, he certainly should have made more of himself, and his literary parent has evidently done him no little injustice. Possibly in a succeeding volume he will have an opportunity to redeem himself. Perhaps Mr. Howells is writing too much. If he should take time, he has ability enough to send out a book worthy of his present remarkable reputation.

MISS CORSON'S PRACTICAL AMERICAN COOKERY AND HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, by Juliet Corson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 12mo, \$1.50. This is the most elaborate of the scores of volumes of a like character issued from the press in late years. Its plan was, in a measure, suggested by Gen. Eaton, late of the National Bureau of Education, who assisted the author in obtaining information through the agency of the bureau. The marked feature of this work is that it illustrates American cookery as distinguished from European, and presents all the requisites in providing household or complimentary meals. An expert housekeeper, who has examined it, gives it her unqualified approbation. It must be considered as standing at the head of the list of modern cook books.

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It is a very wholesome and excellent addition to the Sunday-school library.

THE AMBER STAR AND A FAIR HAIR DOZEN, by Mary Letitia Dickinson, Phillips & Hunt: New York, 1886, \$1.25. For sale in Boston by James P. Maggee. Mrs. Dickinson is a charming writer, and she is more—a she is a Christian philanthropist. The two interesting and touching stories of the beautiful book, she illustrates the reality of the city streets, and the benedictions that follow their establishment.

Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December opens with a paper by John Burroughs on "Science and Theology," words a careful reading; some of his statements and utterances may shock the unsentimental mind, but there are others unexceptionally fine, e. g.: "There is probably nothing in the *Sermon on the Mount* that appeals to our scientific faculties, yet there is nothing here by reason of which the world is made the gainer." Probably four-fifths of life, he says, is quite outside of the sphere of science. All truth is not scientific, and the scientific is not true; the valuable which are capable of verification by the reason or by experience. "The Bible is such an expression of the awe and reverence, and yearning of the human soul in the presence of the facts of nature, and of the power and mystery of the world, as no other expression of these things; a cool, calculated expression of it, but an emotional, religious expression of it. To deny the religious element in science is nothing; for the religious aspirations of the soul it does not diverge." He goes on to say: "We are conscious of emotions and promptings that are deeper than the reason; we are capable of a satisfaction in the universe quite apart from our knowledge of it, and the religious sentiment of man belongs to this order of truths." Dr. Felix M. Oswald supplies a very interesting paper on "Zoological Superstitions," in which he discusses a number of popular notions concerning animals; among others that the monkey has a passion for imitating the actions of man. The *Higher Education of Woman* receives a thoughtful and intelligent consideration at the hands of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. The remaining papers have the following titles, which speak for themselves: "Energy in Plants," by W. D. Howells; "The Ocean," by Frank R. Stockton; "Some Outlines from the History of Education," by W. D. Howells; "How to Write Our Houses," by "The Wings of Birds," by "Measuring the Earth's Surface," by "Sketch of M. Arago," with portrait.

The frontispiece of the December *St. Nicholas* is a very interesting picture of "A Long Ago Christmas." The story of Prince Fairyfoot, by Frank R. Stockton, is a charming tale, full of interest and adventure, by Frank R. Stockton, is characteristic of that peculiar author. The story of "How a Great Battle Panorama is Made," and furnishes much interesting information. The illustrations are clear, plentiful and beautiful. "The Banbury Boys and their Flock of Sheep," is a short story by J. T. Trowbridge. "The Story of a Squash," is a very humorous and amusing story, in our opinion, "A Scheming Old Santa Claus" is worthy of imitation. "A Christmas Conspiracy" is of the right sort. "A Nest in a Facket" is a long poem by Mary E. Bradley. "The Fortunate Boy," by Meta G. Adams. This time we have a veritable dear little "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and so sweet and charming is it, that we do not long to have the other Jack come back. The editorial notes inform us that the December and January numbers of *St. Nicholas* may each be regarded as Christmas numbers. The "Letter Box" has some very flattering notices of the magazine. It is possible, to be more obscure than ever, if the January number succeeds as well in being a happy Christmas number as the December one has, all its readers comforted and wish it a happy and prosperous New Year.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Young People* is the most interesting issue of this favorite of the young folks that we remember to have seen. Frank R. Stockton tells the story of "The Christmas Truants," with his usual happy and charming style. The story is a charming one, full of interest and adventure, by Frank R. Stockton, is characteristic of that peculiar author. The story of "How a Great Battle Panorama is Made," and furnishes much interesting information. The illustrations are clear, plentiful and beautiful. "The Banbury Boys and their Flock of Sheep," is a short story by J. T. Trowbridge. "The Story of a Squash," is a very humorous and amusing story, in our opinion, "A Scheming Old Santa Claus" is worthy of imitation. "A Christmas Conspiracy" is of the right sort. "A Nest in a Facket" is a long poem by Mary E. Bradley. "The Fortunate Boy," by Meta G. Adams. This time we have a veritable dear little "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and so sweet and charming is it, that we do not long to have the other Jack come back. The editorial notes inform us that the December and January numbers of *St. Nicholas* may each be regarded as Christmas numbers. The "Letter Box" has some very flattering notices of the magazine. It is possible, to be more obscure than ever, if the January number succeeds as well in being a happy Christmas number as the December one has, all its readers comforted and wish it a happy and prosperous New Year.

The Christmas number of *Wide World* has verified the old adage that good things come slow; for this number, slow in making its appearance, is all that heart could wish. The beautiful painting of Gabriel Max, adorns the first page, as befits a magazine largely devoted, in the present instance, to the glorious Christmas time. Among the many good things contributed for the many good and edifying of its readers, are: "A Legend of Christmas Eve," by "Cris-mus," Christmas: an "Christmas Christmas Tree Growing," and "Christmas in the Flower Kingdom." Quite a show of Christmas stories, and a few choice bits of poetry, charming and beautiful, and lovely to read. The whole is a very interesting and shows that he was early thoughtful and studious, and quite unlike most boys of his age and deportment. "Goldsmith's arship and deportment." "Goldsmith's arship and deportment." "Goldsmith's arship and deportment."

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The Century Co. have recently issued a complete index to the first thirty volumes of the magazine, from its beginning down to October, 1885—vols. 1-22, under the name of *Century's 1-22*, under the name of *Century's 1-22*,

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the inner hinge and some stitching. The overall tone is warm and slightly yellowed.

Therefore the Protestant Church is beginning to feel uneasy at the recurrence of such scenes, and to de-

and the summer we close the rest of our issues for 1886. And yet twenty months have passed away! How swift over fifty times we have not out what would have made, published in another form, a small volume, freshly prepared, each week. It awakens a lively sense of responsibility to look back over a distinct period of twelve months, and to remember into how many hands our sheet has come. Some fifty thousand persons, in the different families that have entered, have had the whole, or portions of it, under their eyes. It has been read on the Sabbath, when the quiet of the day, its relief from business, and its sanctity, render its perusal more impressive than it might otherwise have been. It is such a thought that challenges both the best energies and the serious consideration of the editor of such a sheet. He may not trifle with such a body of readers. He must not only weigh carefully whatever enters his columns, but see to it that something worthy such wide and thoughtful reading should place there.

The year has had its usual incidents. The preparation of the paper to its patrons has been as pleasant a one as any of the fifteen since the present editor assumed the chair. Not a few of its patrons have passed, during its seasons, beyond his influence into the immortal world.

marked intelligence. As she accompanied the General in his campaigns in the army, so she has been constantly stood by his side during his political life. She has had an equally intelligent view of public affairs and much more tact than her husband. She has been his able lieutenant during all his public career. The scenes at his bedside, in his dying hour, was very impressive. Both General Logan and his wife were communicants of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The General partook of his last communion at the Metropolitan Church in Washington, a short time before Gen. Sher-

Periodicals and Pamphlets.

Rev. E. T. Curralick prints a *Christmas Chimes*, ringing merry peals for the Usbridge M. E. Church, in its holiday season.

The **Manchester, N. H., Methodist ministers**—Rev. J. M. Williams and Rev. O. S. Danforth—issue in print a neat little sheet, containing admirable pastoral counsels and much denominational and religious information and

*Each stationed Methodist minister is an authorized agent for ZION'S HERALD. We hope no one will fail to inform his people that the paper will be sent free the remainder of the year to all new subscribers for 1887.
Specimen copies free.*

The Family.

NEW YEAR HYMN.

BY REV. W. WIGNALL.

Come, Thou source of life and power,
Safely lead in every hour!
Guide our footsteps through the year,
Fill our hearts with holy fear,
Keep us from the ways of sin,
Thus may we the year begin.

Now as pilgrims here we roam,
Haste we to our heavenly home;
Soon will pass our fleeting life,
Soon will end the toil and strife;
Time is bearing us away
To the joys of endless day.

Some who now life's pathway tread
Will have joined the silent dead;
Will the crown of life be won,
Ere the year its course has run.
May this, Lord, our portion be—
While we live, to live in Thee!

Grace, O Lord, we need to keep
When temptations strong we meet,
And Thy love to help and cheer
In the conflicts of the year.
Oh, be Thou our constant friend,
Guide us to our journey's end!

THE ONE TALENT.

BY JENNY BURR.

It is always significant that in the famous parable recorded by St. Luke, it was the man who had the least entrusted to him who failed. The parable would have been more striking in contrast if the man with ten talents had been the delinquent. All the world would cry shame upon him who could not do so well with his great opportunity as his less favored brother. But not to dwell upon this, taking the story to represent the trusts—of all sorts—committed to human beings, we do not understand the one talent to mean a single ability or gift; for single talents often exist which make their possessors very illustrious. A great gift of song alone will make one famous, though one should have no other ability whatsoever. The man with one talent does not stand for any such highly endowed being as that, but for the common run of mortals; the rank and file of humanity; the plodders along the dusty way of life; those whose names will never be known beyond a narrow circle, though they should be true as steel, and faithful from the cradle to the grave to the minutest item of duty.

But it is plain that there is less apparent stimulus and encouragement to the ordinary, commonplace mortal than to the one standing higher in the scale. Even in practical affairs, in trade and in politics, to be equal to great interests, to have mastery over the forces of society, and is often equal to the greatest strain that can be laid upon one's faculties. The temporal gain which follows on activity—the wealth and the place—would alone be inducement enough to effort, for wealth and place are the synonyms of success, as a rule; but there is delight in the activity itself.

If this is true in the more prosaic fields of effort, it certainly is in the higher, finer, more creative departments—among the sciences and the arts. The outer rewards are here very great and alluring. Admiration, praise, popularity, need no other incentives to strenuous effort and unweary labor. To be able to sway the minds and hearts of men by one's intellectual creations, to know them a permanent force in society, is the greatest possible spur to the use of those powers with which one may be gifted.

But the person of exalted powers is not dependent upon these things altogether. Dear as praise is to the ambitious nature and the artistic temperament, it draws on still deeper fountains for its delight. The joy of its own motions is often its most controlling motive to endeavor. To put into beautiful form one's beautiful thought is its own reward, though all other prizes should be missed. Bayard Taylor wrote to a friend concerning his own poetry, that he wrote and should continue to write it according to his highest ideals, even if he never received the recognition he thought it deserved. Nearly all great poets, artists and inventors have felt like this. They have not been deterred from finding expression by seeming failure, or the coldness of the age in which they lived. Often recognition—what the world calls success—came to them, if at all, only at the last. It was so with Millet, the great French painter, who came to fame and fortune only when it was too late to enjoy them; yet all his life he had lived upon the joy of expressing what was to him the truth in art.

But what should inspire the plain and the humble to faithfulness and effort? The humdrum tasks of common humanity have no such delight in them. What is there in the dull treadmill of the shop or the kitchen to stir the heart and set the pulses in happy motion? There must be terribly little zest in driving a street-car or an ash-cart. To do these things, hard, unlovely, uninspiring, one is ready to say requires either apathy or heroism.

Nor are these tasks followed, either soon or late, by large outer rewards. Highly as faithfulness is esteemed, it is not highly rewarded, except when accompanied by great abilities. One hour of real genius will sometimes win more than a life of mere service. When the greatest diligence and prudence can only just keep soul and body together, it would appear that the earthly inducements to excellence and faithfulness are small.

It would be the barest commonplace to dwell upon the importance of humble, every-day tasks and duties. These are committed to the people with one talent. Yet it so happens that it is those with ten talents—more or less—who best appreciate these humble tasks and conditions. It is always a quality of the noble mind that it highly esteems all small, trifling things, whether in life or in work. Christ, the

most perfect of beings, possessed this quality in perfection; and so we always find Him preaching the gospel of small things. In that wonderful Republic which He proclaimed, the smallest is not contrasted with the greatest. There is, indeed, "no difference" at all. It is simply a matter of sincerity, of diligence, of loyalty. To every minutest affair of life great results attach. In this unparalleled republic, the reward of being faithful in washing clothes, sweeping rooms, ploughing fields, is as great as of being true to great trusts in government or science. It is not only great; it is infinite, both in time and in essence.

But it may be said that this is the life of faith itself; that it offers no present satisfaction or motive. Just here comes the law of relative values. It is now and then seen how beautiful the humble conditions may appear when pervaded by truth, honor, patience, appreciation. What can sustain the toilers of the world, who know that with all their trying they shall never gain much which that world prizes? Nothing but the perception and the realization that what falls to their lot has real dignity and value; that it has them in itself, as well as in its connections and results; that everything is valuable, and, rightly used, is bound to increase in value.

The first failure of the man with one talent was his lack of appreciation. One talent seemed too little to trouble about. The rest naturally followed. He lost what he had. Success for him lay in appreciating what was given him. Appreciation of our trusts—whether of time, money, ability or opportunity—makes success. It exalts and ennobles the lowest place; it beautifies the plainest home and the meanest lot. It discovers beauty in unsuspected places; it sees what may be made out of unlikely materials. The philosophy of the right kind of content—there is plenty of the other kind—is appreciation of the condition in which we are placed; for there is always some good in it—a value not to be despised simply because it differs from the established standards of value.

The world has been very slow in coming to learn and believe what Christ said. It only half believes it now. And it is but just beginning to see that it is not materials that are wanting, but alertness of faculty to discern the value of the materials which have been given. There is encouragement for all in the fact that even one talent, well invested, will generally make two.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

Sounding down through the ages,
For eighteen hundred years,
The angels' song over Bethlehem's plain
Still comes to our listening ears;
Bearing the same glad message
Of the birth of our Saviour's birth:

"Gloria to God in the highest,
Peace and good-will to earth."
To the Child in the lowly manger
Only shepherds and wise men came;
And they brought sweet gifts and spices,
To celebrate His name.

But to-day earth's mightiest nations
His sacred temples crowd,
And before the risen Jesus
The multitudes are bowed.
And they worship God the Father,
And acknowledge Christ the King,
And a humble and contrite spirit
Is the gift He would have them bring.

And love from earth to heaven,
And love from man to man,
Is the service He has asked us,
Since His gospel first began.

And when all things that are written,
At length shall have come to pass,
And all nations and tongues and people
Stand by the sea of glass
Casting their crowns before Him,
While the heavenly arches ring,
They will sing the song of redemption,
Which the angels cannot sing.

Providence, R. I.

THE DREAM CONTINUED.

BY REV. MARK TRAPFON.

"I did not sleep, and yet nothing thought
Hanging such wild changes on the spirit's harp,
It seemed that slumber ruled."

There is something mysterious about dreams. We never dream, the philosophers tell us, when in a sound sleep; but between sleeping and waking. Then dreams are only a photographic flash, a momentary picture, striking the fancy, and gone in an instant, though the scenes and incidents seem to run through days and months of time. The writer hereof is a great dreamer, and has been such from a child, but, alas! his dreams of life have been too often by contraries, and if an encouraging vision has occasionally visited his uneasy pillow, disappointment has too often frosted his hope. When weary he throws himself upon his lounge, falling into a restful doze, when involuntary cerebration weaves a web of facts and fancies, probabilities and incongruities, more mysterious than the changing web of the heart-sick spouse of the wandering Ulysses.

I came from the semi-funeral obsequies of the strangled Freedmen's Aid Society a day or two since, "so sad, so woe-begone, so lost to hope," so indignant, so humiliated, that I could find no heart to take in hand either book or pen. Sing I could not, "though inclination be as sharp as 'twill." So I threw myself upon my lounge and fixed my gaze on a striking picture of that friend of humanity hanging before my moist eyes—Wendell Phillips. Soon his form seemed to change, his face was lit up with a smile, his arms were folded across his breast, and his opening lips fell the words, "I can wait!" My eyes closed, and I dreamed again.

I was again standing by the steed of that strange visitant on Mt. Vernon St., and just as the horse made a dash, lifting his four feet and sinking his haunches, I leaped upon the crupper, and seizing with both hands the green cotton umbrella strapped to the saddle, held on for dear life as we shot

into the air like a bolt from a catapult. That equine locomotive seemed instinct with life, and drove on with a celerity that was equal to light. The flames from its nostrils threw around us a luminosity that seemed to envelop us in a weird halo, and if it should be that some professional star-gazer had caught sight of the brilliant object as it darted through the heavens, he would have jotted down the strange phenomenon as a remarkable meteor passing rapidly from northeast to southwest.

Soon I heard the mysterious shade murmuring to himself. I listened attentively as I moved close up to his back and caught his language. "How clearly it comes before me as I look down upon the earth," said he. "Long, weary years did I spend in trying to preach the Gospel through these benighted regions. How often have I alone suffered indescribable agony when going over those plantations and witnessing the untold horrors of that 'sum of all villainies'—their unpaid toil, their cruel scourgings, their degradation and degradation. Poor creatures! and I was so powerless to relieve them! Yet I saw light even then, in the future. I believed that God who rules in heaven and in earth, would in some way bring relief. And when it came, though in blood and flames, there was a shout of joy among the angels of God, and I still seem to hear that burst of song, 'Hallelujah! salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are His judgments.' And when that great man, that long-suffering man, Lincoln, whose proclamation burst the bonds of the slave, so unexpectedly entered that place, there was a shout that echoed far into the infernal regions, and all trembled with consternation. Then we said among ourselves, now they will rise; the church will take them kindly, in the spirit of the Lord, to their bosom, wash their stripes, heal their wounds, lift them out of their degradation, bring them to Christ, and there shall be 'one fold and one shepherd.' But now, ah me!"

He was silent, and I thought he seemed to be struggling with his emotions. I felt a tremor, as though he were shaken by some great sorrow, and my eyes filled, and I longed to give him some relief, but was powerless. However, he soon seemed to recover himself, and again I heard his words: "It is all over, and the church has proved false to her trust; and to secure the favor of the former masters, has left the poor creatures to their wretched fate." And he heaved a groan that, but for my firm grasp of that umbrella, would have shaken me into empty space. "Oh, what an hour was that, when the angel appointed to watch their interest (he was called the 'Angel of the Freedmen') came suddenly in, with his blanched cheeks announced, 'It is done; the church has closed the door of what they believed was to be their own school at Chattanooga, and turned it over to the whites.' It happened at that time a large number of us had retired to a gentle elevation where was an ambrosial grove, and a stream of water rippled by, emptying itself into the river of life. We had been considering this matter of the freedmen, and speculating on the working out of this problem of the races, when this messenger burst in upon us. Oh, this was astounding! Mr. Wesley was the first to break the silence: 'That diabolical evil, the vilest sin ever shown upon, dies hard; and if the church does not retract her steps, she will perish with it.' Mr. Garrison lifted up his hands toward the throne, and cried out: 'How long, O Lord, how long! Abraham Lincoln actually dropped some tears, the first ever seen there (but a hand came quickly and wiped them away), and growling in spirit, said: 'All then in vain! Those four years of hourly agony, and my death of violence!' Gilbert Haven sprang to his feet, and cried out: 'I can't stay here. I must go! I'd rather fight my way through hell itself than to see those poor creatures again in the power of the whites.' We tried to calm him, but off he started to petition for leave of absence, but it was not obtained. The great Authority sent me on this mission as one more familiar with these scenes and events."

Then he paused a moment. "Strange that I have not found him," he said in a suppressed tone. "Gilbert charged me with a message to his successor, Mallieu, but he moves about so rapidly that I have as yet missed him. I thought—I and I could feel his smile—that in the days of my earthly pilgrimage, I must have seen him, but I never succeeded in being in two places at once. I began to think he beats me. I heard a sound as of a light laugh. I went to New Orleans—he was in Boston. I slipped up there—he had gone West. But I shall catch him by and by; he must sleep somewhere, though in these things they call sleeping-cars. There goes one now, down there. But we must on, Jack," to his steed; "you are slow. Go on! Yes, Gilbert said, 'Tell Mallieu not to yield one jot or tittle to this spirit of caste. It is a cancer in the body of the church, eating out its vitality. Tell him to stick to the poor colored people. Let the potsherders strive with the potsherders of the earth.' Let place-seekers and ambitious time-servers seek the smiles and be lured by the blandishments of the white negro-haters, but go you to them, smile upon them, encourage them, lift them up, bring them out into the sunlight of hope."

I hope my readers of this my dream will not suppose that so much time passed in this aerial flight as has been consumed in its writing or reading even. It came as a flash of sunlight upon a picture, as all dreams come.

But now our electrical equine machine began to "slow down," and stopped at the door of a fine-looking mansion in the outskirts of Chattanooga. The vision alighted, and I slipped off behind. It was yet night, and no lights appeared in the house. The door seemed to open of its own accord, and the shade seemed to be governed by an instinctive familiarity with the house. He marched up the stairs in the hall, a chamber door swung upon its hinges, and revealed a bed with a sleeper on his pillow. The shade, with a voice that shook the windows in their casements, cried, "Awake, O sleeper!" The man opened his eyes, jumped up resting on his elbow, and with eyes almost starting from their sockets, gazed upon the strange visitant, and trembling with fear, cried out: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am the genius of Methodism," replied the shade, "and I have a message from God to you. Sit up now, for I have some questions to put to you, to which I shall demand categorical answers. Do you know the meaning of that word?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Think so? Well, what is it?"

"Not hypothetical, without prevarication."

"Right," said the shade. "Who laid the foundation of this school of which you are the principal?"

"The Freedmen's Aid Society."

"Yes. It was intended, then, for the education of the colored people, was it not?"

"Well, that was the intention, but—"

"No 'buts' about it—yes, or no."

"Yes," he drawled out.

"How many colored pupils have you in your school?"

"Well, I want to explain, if you please—"

"No; remember, categorical, yes or no."

"None."

"None?" thundered the stern shade; "and you sit there, you craven time-server, and say 'none'? Have none applied for admission?"

"I—I want to explain," said the trembling culprit.

"Not a word of that yet, not a word but yes or no. Answer me."

"Well, there have been two young men and three young women."

"And you turned them away?"

"The board of directors—"

"Away with your board of directors! Why did you lock the doors in their faces? Your pupils, then, are all white, are they?"

"Yes," [I burned to throw in, "When their faces are washed."]

"Do you examine the moral character of these white applicants, whether they are of good or bad character?"

"No."

"If a white pupil applied whom you knew to be a loafer, a drinker, a swearer, a gambler, a licentious person, would you exclude such?"

"This is not strictly a religious school. We do not, however, admit any vile persons if we know them to be such."

"But do you make any examination?"

"No, we take such as come."

"Was there of these five colored applicants one or more immoral, or was there anything about them on the ground of character?"

"Oh, no, they were all members of the church; the young men wished to be fitted for the Christian ministry, and the young women for teachers; there was nothing against them."

"Why, then, were they rejected?"

"They were black," answered the pale respondent.

There was silence. I looked at the erect form of the visitant, and his countenance reminded me of the Son of God! Nothing, for some moments, was heard in that room but the labored breathing of the man in bed.

"Miserable man!" at last spoke the vision; "if you have anything to say before I proceed to inflict upon you the penalty of the law of the great Master, you have so dishonored and offended, you can now speak."

He pulled himself together as best he could, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said: "It is true that this school was founded by the Freedmen's Aid Society for the education of the colored people. But the citizens of Chattanooga, seeing the eligibility of the site, and the ornament it would be to the village, could not think of having a lot of nigger students roaming about the town, putting on airs, and dressing in the style of white ladies and gentlemen; and it raised such an excitement as to threaten a mob. So they offered to raise thirteen thousand dollars to finish the building, on condition that no colored students should be admitted. That is about the whole of the matter."

"Was all the money expended taken from the treasury of the Freedmen's Aid Society?" asked the phantom.

"Oh, no, that was provided for by the action of the last General Conference, which recommended the opening of white schools in the South."

"So, then, so much money given by the poor people of the North for their love of the robbed and neglected freedmen, was stolen—that's the word, stolen—from the colored people, and you say the representative body of the church approved of it?"

"That is about it, I guess," said the culprit.

"You have a salary, I suppose?" asked the shade.

"Yes."

"How is it raised? Is it from tuition fees?"

"Oh, no, this is a free school; my salary, I suppose, comes from the treasury of the Freedmen's Aid Society."

"There, stop!" shouted the shade; "a piece of greater rascality was never exposed, not in the city of New York. O wretched man that you are, to connive at such injustice and wrong for a paltry sum of money, and place! The curse of a righteous God will rest upon this building. For sixteen thousand dollars you sold out the policy, the principles and character of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"Cast it unto the potter, a goodly price that I was prized at of them," says the Master. And now 'the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.' And you, craven, did not raise your voice against it, and shake off the dust of your feet as a testimony and leave them."

"Prejudice!"

"That's clear; but had you got beyond your A. B. abs, you would have known that that word 'prejudice' is one of the most terrible words in the English tongue; that in it are the germs of most of the evils and crimes that have cursed this world. Why, look at its etymology—*pre* and *judicium*. Can you render that into plain English?"

"Yes," said the scholar, "*pre*, before, and *judicium*, judgment."

"Yes," went on the terrible examiner, "a judgment before the evidence, a condemnation before a defence. It is the devil's own policy; it began with Cain, and has run through all human history. It has sent millions to the flames, and nailed the Son of God to the cross, and still the world is governed by it. Are your people at the South demented? Are they blind? Or are they made mad presaging final destruction? Do they not see that these six millions of human beings are not to be trifled with? that they are native Americans, that they have all the rights of citizenship and of humanity, secured to them by God and the Constitution; but that only are they here to stay, but also to grow in numbers and in knowledge; that their increase is largely above that of the whites in its ratio? that fifty years hence they must dominate the South? Can they not see, then, that their interests are mutual, that to elevate the black race is to elevate the white also? that in the nature of things the two races must rise or fall together? Why will not your people open their eyes to those foregone conclusions?"

"But my time is up; I have yet to visit some of the high church officials and give them a lesson in true church work. And now, my son, you have sinned a grievous sin against God, and done great damage to His cause. You might have stood up against this iniquitous proceeding, but you have sacrificed your principles and pocketed the gains. I now proceed to the most painful part of my mission. I offer to your choice three things: Either go to your pupils to teach them from the hand and ask their forgiveness in the presence of ten white witnesses, and then announce that the school will be restored to its original purpose and intent, or leave it; or, secondly, volunteer to join Bishop Taylor in Africa, and spend your life in instructing those benighted souls; or, thirdly, receive a personal chastisement."

"The first I cannot do," said the poor offender. "I should be at once ostracized by the entire community."

"The second is worse, if possible, so strong are my pre-judgments. The last I can bear; but oh, mysterious being, be merciful to me a sinner!"

"My son," said the shade, "you knew your Master's will, and did it not; you should be beaten with many stripes. And 'foolishness is bound up in the heart, but the rod of correction will drive it hence.' Moreover, 'no chastening for the present seemeth joyous but rather grievous; but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them that are exercised thereby.' If ye be without chastisement, then are ye illegitimate, not sons."

Here the shade drew from beneath his mantle a small riding whip (I mentally said, "Oh, for an old-time cat-o-nine tails!") and said: "Here is a sacred relic, a Methodist whip in the true succession, one Mr. Wesley carried from 'John O'Grat's' to 'Land's End,' and gave to me when I came over in 1771, saying, 'It may be of use to you in your travels.'"

Here the form turned suddenly; I made a spring to get out of his way—rolled off my lounge on to the floor, upsetting a chair, and woke—and lo! it was a dream.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas-day was coming, the Christmas-eve drew near;
The fir-trees were talking low, at midnight cold and clear.
And this was what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
"Now which of us shall chosen be to grace the Holy Night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh;
"You all will be approved," he said, "but oh, what chance have I?"

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow;
Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And laughing low he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas Saint,
And in his fatherly kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know; so it befell that day
That, as on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way;
One baby-girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby-fir, amid its brethren tall,
To thus be chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast.
He was a real Christmas tree; he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy gold,
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby-ladling, the baby-crowd to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept
The little fir in silent night a patient kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve.
"I have not lived in vain," he said. "Thank God for Christmas eve!"

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in St. Nicholas.

The Little Folks.

CURING A STINGY BOY.

Johnny was the stingiest little boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy.

He couldn't even bear to lend his sled, or his knife, or his hoop or skates.

All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him a great deal about it. But he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "I'd give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and to think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel better and happier yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled was sent off. Jimmy looked on as if he were taking a dose of rhubarb. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he didn't feel quite as well as before. He gave away a silver piece that he had meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away thing; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy best."

Then he ragged Johnny came up the street, dragging the sled, looking as proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said, "You might give me any old overcoat; it's littler than I am, and it doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel ever so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny the sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better and better ever since that hour.—Our Little Ones.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

This year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast;
My heart, have you nothing to say?
I intended for the things that are past.

Now, while in my chamber alone,
Where God will be present to hear,
I'll try to remember and plan,
The faults I've committed this year.

O Lord, I'm ashamed to confess
How often I've broken Thy day;
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,
Or wasted the moments in play;

And when the good minister died,
To make little children attend,
I was thinking of something beside,
Or wishing the sermon would end.

How often I rose from my bed
Even for the sake of a prayer,
Or if a few words I have said,
My thoughts have been gone elsewhere.

Ill-temper, and passion, and pride,
Have grieved my dear parents and Thee,
And seldom I really tried
Obedient and gentle to be.

But, Lord, thou already hast known
Much more of my folly than I,
There is not a fault I can own
Too little for God to deprecate;

Yet hear me and help me to feel
How wicked and weak I must be,
And let me not try to conceal
The largest or smallest from Thee.

The year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast;
Look down in Thy mercy, O pray,
To pardon the sin that is past;

And as soon as another begins,
So help me to walk in Thy fear
That I may not with follies and sins
So foolishly waste a new year.

—Selected.

Bits of Fun.

—An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to sell.

—"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.

—"Is this a trunk line?" asked the summer girl at the railway station. "No," replied the ticket agent, "it is a branch."

"I'm so sorry for I wanted to take four trunks along with me!"

"Can you use this?" timidly inquired the poet, as he held a handle on the desk. "I think I can," said the editor affably. "I am just about to start a fire in the office stove."

